

# **a deal with the devil**

**Motunui**

## a deal with the devil by Motunui

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**Genre:** Angst, Crushes, Implied Reddie - Freeform, Implied Relationships, Penny ships Reddie, Swearing, Takes place before they kicked Pennywise's ass, sort of angst

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

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**Summary:**

Richie enters the sewers with a proposal in mind, yet is met with an ultimatum which will challenge his priorities, big time.

## a deal with the devil

Richie should have known better, honestly. His ongoing and somewhat infamous struggle with learning to keep his fucking mouth shut had gotten him into trouble on many an occasion, so what had been his excuse this morning, when he'd set off for Pennywise's lair at the crack of dawn, armed only with a run-down flashlight?

Of course, as he stood shin-deep in murky sewer-water with his soul dancing through the gloved fingers of a certain monstrous, flesh-guzzling clown, it was much too late to contemplate such questions. Instead, he watched on, eyes the size of saucers behind his thick glasses, as the demon's jaws widened beyond the point of dislocation, rows upon rows of razor-sharp teeth bearing themselves to him, ready to bite. Despite the blanket of outright fear which cocooned him, though, Richie found his sodden rain boots rooted to the spot as Pennywise outstretched his talons towards him and trapped him in his iron grip. He momentarily pondered - what had he honestly *expected* to happen?

On route to the sewers' entrance, Richie had recited his propositions in his head over and over – leave Bill Denbrough alone, leave Stanley Uris alone, leave Mike Hanlon alone, leave Beverly Marsh alone, leave Ben Hanscom alone...

Above all else, leave Eddie Kaspbrak alone and take him instead, if need be.

Unfortunately, Richie had not been spared the time to deliver such stipulations aloud before being mercilessly entrapped within the clown's clutches. And he *knew* what was coming next.

The lights.

The deadlights.

And he wouldn't allow it.

Swallowing whatever fear had managed to flood his

quivering form down to the deepest trench within him, he objected. “No!” Came his protest, forceful enough to throw himself off track. He stared, astonished, into the ghastly face of his predator. The clown’s jaw had now collapsed down into its usual position, cracked crimson painting a ghoulish grin across alabaster. Audacious as ever, Richie broke into a grin of his own, piping laughter bubbling in his throat as he relished in his own burst of confidence.

An expression of incredulity flitted – albeit briefly – across Pennywise’s grotesque features, replaced within a moment with evident repulsion. In response, Richie’s amusement fell flat. Without further thought, he spoke once more.

“I came to make a deal.” he spluttered, itching to push the thick frame of his glasses further up the bridge of his nose, though giving up following a meagre attempt to squirm out of the demon’s grip. The intricate red paint which stretched up the clown’s forehead twitched with curiosity, an unsettling purr resounding around the pair as it considered the boy’s proclamation.

“Do I strike you as the bargaining type, Richie?” It snarled, though Richie was much too occupied in watching with unease as the creature’s amber irises begun to drift out of alignment.

He resisted the urge to grimace, and swallowed the glob of bile rising in his gullet to force a reply – “I want you to leave my friends alone.” Barely a compelling argument, he would admit, yet the only words he could manage to string together into a coherent sentence. Silence settled between them for a moment, thick in the sour air of the sewer, before a round of blood-curdling laughter erupted into it, serving to trample Richie’s heart right into the pit of his stomach. He sniffed with revulsion as the pungent scent of the clown’s breath fanned into his face – a nauseating concoction of candy and stale meat. “I want you to leave my friends alone.” He repeated, his voice a painfully detectable few decibels lower, this time.

**“Hee-hee-hee, hoo-hoo – and if I *don’t*?”**

Any response Richie could muster died instantaneously on his tongue as sickeningly vivid images of his friends’ lifeless bodies

flashed in his mind. His stomach turned violently at the almost tangible thought of this creature, this demon, feasting upon sweet little Eddie's flesh echoed in his mind and – in turn – he heaved, the bitter fluid he'd managed to ingest up until this point finally choking him and joining the water of the sewer with a splash.

Pennywise cackled with glee, an expression of realization dawning on its features. Richie thought for a moment that he was going to hurl again. The clown's claws had wedged themselves deeper into the flesh of his upper arms, though the pain was numbing by now. A short, rasping breath fell from IT's scarlet lips, hurried and brisk as yellow irises averted directly into Richie's brown ones once more. For a moment, he stood frozen and utterly bewildered, until he finally realized just what the clown was imitating. *Who* he was imitating. A new wave of nausea washed over him, so unbearable that he might've collapsed to the murky water beneath him had he not been supported by Pennywise's cruel hold on him.

"Wheezie, wheezie, **hee-hee-hee!**" It sang, its laughter echoing around the sewer chamber, ringing in Richie's ears like tinnitus, "Little Eddie Kaspbrak, wheezie Eddie Kaspbrak!"

"Stop it!" The boy's protest expelled as a broken sob, fresh tears glazing over his eyes behind his glasses. His heart was hammering hard against his ribcage now, the reality he'd become accustomed to threatening to tear at the seams, unravelling him along with it. He could feel IT exploring the most classified corners of his mind, a spring in its step as it effortlessly capered about his brain with merciless glee. "*Stop!*" He begged.

Lo and behold, the sensation ceased instantly, just like that. Richie hadn't realized his eyes had been screwed tightly shut until he blinked them open again, only to be met with a joyful grin. It no longer resembled the needle-sharp fangs of a great white, however, and instead bore the yellowing buck teeth Richie had grown to associate with Pennywise the Dancing Clown. The only sound to occupy the stale air for a while was his own breath, rapid and hoarse. After a moment, though, Pennywise's voice erupted, low and scheming.

"I have an offer for you, Richie." It announced, its smirk

widening. The brunet considered this, lower lip quivering. He opted against interrupting – no doubt, there would be some sort of wicked complication, and there was no way in Hell he was about to agree to anything before acknowledging it. The snigger which followed led Richie to believe that the clown had once again chosen to invade his thoughts, despite his best efforts to resist. He gave a staggered breath, nodding for further explanation. “I can promise your darling, sweet, sweet – “ It paused, heaving a melodramatic sigh, “Sweet Eddie’s safety. Won’t lay a finger on him – **nope, nope, nope!**”

“But?” Came Richie’s miniscule voice. Pennywise’s smile had stretched so wide now that it appeared as if the skin of the clown’s cheeks were about to split to the ear.

“You must bring the rest to me.”

A pause. “The rest?” Richie might have kicked himself in the calf for the pitiful break in his voice had he not been so shaken by the clown’s request. Despite his prompt for clarification, though, he *knew* what was being asked of him. What was being *demanded* of him. It dawned on him suddenly – like a tonne of bricks – that shit, this was the worst move he’d ever made. He should have never ventured down into the sewer alone – not without **Bill** to lead, not without **Stan** to provide the voice of reason, not without **Eddie** to preserve his sane mind. Particularly the latter, because he hadn’t even received the elucidation he’d asked of Pennywise, and his final decision on the matter was hanging on the tip of his tongue, threatening to spill out into the open air. To make matters worse, he knew for a fact that any brash decision he made would be set in stone immediately, set by the clown stood before him who – holy shit, was now loosening his grip and setting Richie back down on the ground. Richie stole a moment to reflect on whether his instinctive decision had accidentally been voiced aloud. A second moment provided him with the realization that it didn’t matter whether he had or not, because Pennywise had probably caught onto his train of thought, anyway.

“Do we have a deal, Richie?”

“...Yeah. Yeah, we do.”

**Author's Note:**

sidenote: i know richie would never do this!! i know  
he'd die for the losers!! im sorry!!